THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers, NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance. THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, | EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXIV. | PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1855. | WHOLE NO. 1784.

Original Poetry.

TO HENRY M——,

AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR TO THE SAT. EVE. POST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MAY MYRTLE.

I know not where may be thy home,
Nor where thy place of birth;
I know not if thy feet yet roam
The pathways of the earth.
I know not if thy heart is blest
With some dear household band,
Or if its throbs are hushed to rest
Within the "silent land."

I know not if that heart beats high
With manhood's hope and pride,
Or if such tones, all wearily
Upon its chords have died;
And sorrow's hand with mournful power,
Now sweeps the quivering strings—
Or if thou cull'st enjoyment's flower,
By love's delicious springs.

Or if those flowers, in youth's young day,
Have faded one by one,
And now thou tread'st life's weary way,
In sadness and alone.
I know not if of light, or shade,
Hath been thine earthly share;
If love's bright beams have o'er it played,
Or darkness and despair.

I know but this—thy words of song
Have borne a mystic power,
To thrill my spirit's lyre along,
In many a musing hour.
There is a nameless spell, that lies
In every varied tone,
And they call up olden memories,
With a magic all their own.

They sing to me, of joy's brief hour;
They stir the fount of tears,
When solitude sits dreaming o'er
The scenes of other years;
And plaintively, in sorrow's ear,
The voice of memory sings
Of all the heart in youth held dear,
Of old familiar things.

[illegible]

Thy songs o'ersweep my brain,
Wreathing again affection's flowers
Around the spirit's chain;
And waking back the melody
That gladdened childhood's ear—
The music of the days gone by,
Which now in dreams I hear.

Yes! there is "one devoted heart
That hangs upon thy strain,"
And grieves to think thy minstrel-art
May never wake again;
That treasures the sweet murmurings
On bygone breezes thrown,
And breathes from its own trembling strings
This song—the answering tone.

Original Novelet.

MARK, THE SEXTON.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON,
AUTHOR OF "HOME PICTURES," "THE STEP-MOTHER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"Whose fine tenor was that to-day? I think I only heard one tenor voice," I remarked to a friend, half in a whisper, as we turned to join the throng already filling the aisle.

"It was Mark, the sexton's, I presume; he sings whenever our regular choristers are absent. He has a most remarkable voice, an organ of great power and flexibility, and yet so easily can he control it, that in a room you would be enchanted with its soft, rich music."

"In truth it was melody itself;" was my answer, and with the liquid tones of that singular voice ringing in my ears, we emerged into the open and classic vestibule of the chapel. The weather had changed. In the morning beautiful tints were laid with lavish hand on the varying hill-sides, and the corn, with ripened silk gilding the emerald husk, waved with a sort of quiet glitter to and fro in the sunshine.

Now the sky was grey. A fine, spring-like rain curtained the atmosphere. Country carriages drove slowly up to the door, received their inmates, and rolled leisurely away. We stood there waiting our turn, and chatting upon various subjects. I was startled by a push, and the next moment the magnificent head of a Newfoundland was thrust under my hand, covered with long, silky, glossy black hair, that curled almost like the ringlets of a [illegible]

[illegible]

Lucy, came running down the steps before the piazza, her white robes fluttering dazzlingly in the sun, and the thick curls shining like amber over her neck and shoulders. She welcomed us with a loud, wild shout, and springing forward, inserted her fairy form between Eugene and me.

"Oh!" cried the child, taming her eager steps to the slow measure of our footfall, "we've had a long letter, and next week Victorine and Lizzie and Hattie will all be here. And they're going to bring ever so many more with them, that is, if mamma is willing, and she says yes, she guesses so."

"How delightful!" I ejaculated, mentally.

"Provoking!" muttered Eugene.

"Why provoking, cousin?"

"Because they're such a set. The sanctity of our home will be ruthlessly broken in upon; henceforth all sobriety, order and intellectuality must be subordinate to their wild lures; but I am determined on one thing, our family worship shall never be retarded or discontinued."

He spoke almost angrily. At that moment Illsley, his brother, advanced from the door, and Mary flew into his arms. He went forward, the child's golden curls gleaming, and burnishing up his old, threadbare coat. I saw him enter the dining-room; Eugene followed closely after, frolicking with the child, whose face, thrown back, was almost convulsed with laughter and excitement, then wending my way dreamily up the broad stairs, pausing, as I always did, before a beautiful Flemish painting, for a moment, I sought my own dainty little room.

It was such an Eden of a room, that pleasant south chamber, that I never wearied of its seclusion. Indeed, I was so enamored of loveliness, that I became disinclined to society. True, I loved my cousin Lucy, dearly; I loved, it seemed sometimes to me, more than loved little May. Still I fear I loved myself and my own fancies too intensely. Active exercise seemed foreign to my nature; dreamy seclusion its type and paradise.

How holy grew the day, with its red sun sinking! I threw off bonnet and shawl, and [illegible]

What do you think, cousin Margery, is not that ingratitude that nailed our innocent Redeemer to the cross, the monster sin, the crime of crimes?"

"Truly it appears so to me now," I replied; but I was spared farther speech, for the door opening, in flew May, and before he could well put aside the honored old Bible, she was in his arms clinging closely and fondly to his neck. Illsley followed her; indeed father and child were rarely apart. Passionate student as he was, devoted to his study and his books, she, with her flying tresses shining like the sun, and her blue eyes twinkling like the stars, never crossed the heaven of his seclusion like a cloud. She alone might sit and toss over his treasures, from the missal of five hundred years to the uncut annual of yesterday. Patiently to her would he explain the rare old pictures that had little beauty save that of exquisite coloring. Her little fingers, pure from recent ablution, had wandered over lines of penitence, and traced unwittingly the strains of many a broken heart. And the saucy witch, when her father, beguiled by the pathos of the narrative, threw his whole soul into his voice as he read for her, would laugh aloud, declaring that her pa was a funny pa, for he "read with all his face."

May still sat there, catching up the corals, that by a clasp of gold were fastened on her milk-white neck, with her dimpled chin, and striving with all a child's perseverance to coax them to her red lips. Then she jumped down and danced over the carpet, only restrained by her father gravely holding up his finger, with the words, "May, my love, don't you know it's Sunday?"

And then the sprite checked the rebuke while yet upon his tongue, by turning and exclaiming, "Well, but I feel happy, pa." And I know not but he had let her dance on in her innocent pleasure, but the bell rang for supper.

We went out together; Illsley mockingly stooping for little May to put her round arm within his, she complying with bursts of ringing laughter. [illegible]

[illegible]

Our Picture Gallery.

SHIP STRUCK BY A WHALE.

The Waterloo, of Portmadoc, recently was struck by a whale. Her Master, Evan Jones, sends the following account of it to the Illustrated London News:

I beg to send you a sketch of an extraordinary occurrence; namely, the total loss of my vessel, the *Waterloo*, caused by being run down by a whale.

I sailed from Lynn on the 19th ult., being bound to Schiedam, with a cargo of barley. On the 21st, when about fifty miles from Lowestoft, a large whale was perceived to windward, coming down for the vessel, swimming at a fearfully rapid rate, partly out of the water. This was at 10, A. M.: there was a strong gale and high sea at the time.

When about ten yards from the ship's side the whale dipped, and struck a fearful blow with his head upon the vessel under water, abreast of the fore-rigging, on the port side. Immediately the vessel was perceived to heel and crack: while the whale plunged into the deep, head foremost, and raised his tail erect, nearly touching the foreyard, and then disappeared.

The pumps were fixed and worked, but by half-past twelve we found the ship had five feet water in the well, and was settling down fast. The long-boat was cleared, and lashings cut away, and nearly floated off the decks, when all hands (six in number) jumped into her, without food or water; myself, the mate, and two men, were without jackets; we had only one oar and a piece of another in the boat, and the sea was running very high. About twenty minutes after we had abandoned the vessel she capsized; and, after floating for about twenty minutes or more on her side, she disappeared head foremost.

At the time of the vessel's capsizing, there was a French fishing-boat about four miles to windward, which immediately came to our assistance, and took us all on board; there we were most kindly treated; and at midnight we were landed at Calais, when Mr. Bonham, H. B. M. Consul, provided us with jackets, &c., and sent us to London. Mons. Peter Mulard, the owner of the fishing-boat, and Mons. J. Lecong, the master, as well as the crew, were true friends to us at a time when we were without jackets, food, or money.

sportively, "it isn't often I undress you in here, but in honor of cousin Margery, I shall indulge you to-night. There, sprite, tuck your white toes under, and get on your knees, and say your sweet prayer for cousin and [illegible]

[illegible]

minister, who was to speak, is unable, from a sudden illness, and I returned. But let us continue the subject; you were talking about our sexton, I presume. I wonder," he added, thoughtfully, "if King David wasn't a sexton? [illegible]

[illegible]

considerable fortune to him, yet he adhered to his resolution—some say on account of a very remarkable dream he had several years ago."

"He is a singular man," said Eugene thoughtfully, "and a singularly wise man. He [illegible]

[illegible]

each other till now, cousin Margery."

"Yes," I replied, unable to lift my glances to his, "I was not much more than a child when you left for Europe. You must have seen a great deal," I added, with an effort; "enough to obliterate many of your old recollections from the canvas of memory."

I knew I was talking nonsense, but I could not help it; I actually trembled under his steady glance.

"No, some things are graven too deeply for even death to efface," he replied, with a slight smile. "For instance the expression of your eyes; I have sought in vain to find it among the dames of other lands, but it has not its counterpart, and yet, mind you, I don't say your eyes are beautiful—I don't flatter you."

"Thank you," I returned.

"Not beautiful in the common acceptation of the term, I mean," he said, earnestly, "for *I* would not have them seem so to other men."

My heart beat faster, for there was love in his glance now. I could tell that, though I felt no corresponding glow. I knew not what to say. Happily as he had just bent over to look closer in my eyes, as he had just put forth his hand to take mine (and I am sure I should not have known how to refuse) in came Illsley, to Eugene's complete discomfiture. And next came Lucy, glancing sideways at me, as if she had before left the room for a purpose, and wondered if I was conscious of the fact. She stole to her husband's side, and winding her arm about him, said, softly,

"What made you stay so long?"

"I have been over to the minister's," he replied. "He was taken suddenly ill; and as he fills our pastor's place, you know, and is a stranger, I felt it was my duty to call on him. But my call lengthened into a visit, for I [illegible]

[illegible]

too, might be a heroine. By an effort of the will, I summoned Eugene before me. I tried to imagine how I should feel were he in reality to tell me he loved me. I watched each pale, spiritual feature, the lofty enthusiasm that played upon his countenance,—I even saw him in his study, and myself seated by his side, his wife. I even ventured to fancy that his arm encircled me, that his lips touched my forehead; but there I shuddered. No—I could not love him, even if he were not my cousin; but being so, my whole nature abhorred the idea.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Selected Sketch.

SHADOWS OF OUR SOCIAL SYSTEM.

BY ANTOINETTE L. BROWN.

If a man runs away from the light, he always chases his own shadow; and even when he approaches the light, the shadow pursues him. I have seen little boys attempt to dodge these black ghosts of themselves, but they always fail. Run where they would, the shadow ran too. Then one of them got mad, and stamped on the ground, but the shadow stamped also, foot to foot, in mimic wrath. "He shall bruise thy heel" sprang instinctively to my lips, for the shadow seemed to embody all evil, as a type.

Then the sun rose steadily in the heavens, and, at mid-day, I saw the boy stamping upon the head of his own gray, small shadow, as it lay, humbled before him, on the ground. "Ah, yes, thou shalt bruise his head!" I exclaimed, triumphantly. A dozen fairy feet began to dance over a troop of shadow-heads, simultaneously, as if they had all caught, sympathetically, the spirit of my thoughts.

There is, indeed, a deep significance in this, as a symbol of higher things. An opaqueness attaches to all finite powers, and throws a shade of imperfection over their best works. Whether this thought is expressed sanctimoniously, as a dogma of the schools, or most heathenishly, as a biting jest against humanity, it is a recognition of the same dark truth. Polished, enlightened, civilized, Christianized [illegible]

[illegible]

pain; but I just lie here because I will."

"But you are sick, very sick, if you are not in pain; and then no one can look in your face, and feel that you are a bad girl."

"Yes, I know;" she replied, quickly; "it's just like an apple—very beautiful outside, but rotten all through. Sometimes I wish I was insane; for then it wouldn't be true that I am so wicked, and that I shall have to suffer so much."

"But I think, my child, you are insane on this point; not on any other."

"Oh, no! oh, dear!" moaned the poor girl; "you think so; but no one but God can read the heart."

At the suggestion that God could forgive, she answered,

"No, He can't forgive me. I committed sins enough before I was three years old to make it impossible for me ever to be forgiven."

"Why, what did you do?"

"I used to mess in the food when mother told me not, and I knew better all the time; [illegible] ble about it."

It was useless to talk with her. She seemed rational about everything else; but on this point she was fixed. From her babyhood she had been taught that a child of three years might commit sin enough to merit eternal punishment; and, in her present state, her own guilt magnified till it seemed too great to be forgiven. It was a terrible despair—one that made the soul heavy to witness it; and we joined in the feeling of thankfulness that it was *only insanity*.

The mother was far more wild and flighty; but there was method even in her madness. She felt that she was doing some great work for others, by moving about restlessly, and continually unpinning the sleeves of her dress; and that it was her solemn duty to finish this work; but that good was coming from it, and she would finally be happy.

"Why," said she, "isn't it going to benefit our sex?"

"Oh! certainly," we said.

"I thought so," she replied, with eager delight; "else I don't think I could have gone any further; but I thought we should be benefitted—women would be."

Had this thought found its way to her heart when she was toiling to earn a scanty subsistence for her dependent family, [illegible]

[illegible]

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5, in advance, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post-office:—

4 Copies, - - - - -	$5,00	Per Annum.
8 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	10,00	"
13 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	15,00	"
20 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	20,00	"

Persons residing in British North America must remit [illegible] cents in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post-Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

The papers to Clubs are invariably stopped at the expiration of the period for which they have subscribed.

A NEW ARRANGEMENT.—Our subscribers will take notice that we now have no collecting agents, out of this State. They will therefore please remit to us direct.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post-Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post-Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust that such of our old friends the Post-Masters, as do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, will show our Prospectus to other influential and responsible persons who will be willing to raise clubs, &c.

PROSPECTUS.

We may state, for the benefit of strangers who chance to see this number of the Post, that it is now in its THIRTY-FOURTH year, and has between 80,000 and 90,000 subscribers.

Upon the list of its contributors are enrolled the names of MRS. SOUTHWORTH, GRACE GREENWOOD, MRS. DENISON, MARY IRVING, EMMA L. [illegible], ALICE CAREY, METTA VICTORIA FULLER, &c. *Mrs. Southworth and Grace Greenwood will write for no other weekly paper.*

Among the original productions already engaged for the present year, we may mention

THE GREEN [illegible], by GRACE GREENWOOD,

MARK, THE SEXTON, by Mrs. Denison,

THE [illegible]'S WILL, by Grace Greenwood,

NANCY SELWYN; or, THE CLOUD WITH A SILVER LINING, by Mary Irving,

VIVIA, A STORY OF LIFE'S MYSTERY, by Mrs. Southworth, author of "The Lost Heiress," &c., &c., &c.

In addition, of course, to the above, we shall endeavor to keep up our usual variety of ENGRAVINGS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES and LETTERS, PICTURES OF LIFE in our own and foreign lands, CHOICE SELECTIONS from all sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, VIEW OF THE PRODUCE AND STOCK MARKETS, BANK NOTE LIST, EDITORIALS, &c. &c. Our object being to give a Complete Record, as far as our limits will admit, of the Great World. For terms, &c., see head of column.

MARK, THE SEXTON.

We commence the promised novelet by Mrs. Denison in the present number. Its opening chapters are good. We already feel quite an interest in the narrator of the story, who we suppose is the heroine.

THE FILIBUSTERS.

According to letters from Natchez and New Orleans, the Cuban Filibustering Expedition is all broken up, dissolved, disheartened, and, as Mr. Montalini said, "gone to the demnition bow-wows." Gen. Quitman, and the other American officers, have resigned—and "the array of four thousand men" are released from their engagement to make choice between the black vomit and the garotte on the shores of the "gem of the Antilles."

The Cuban Junta also is dissolved—and two [illegible]

[illegible]

SEWING MACHINES.

These valuable aids to female industry are becoming quite a familiar thing in private families. One, manufactured by Grover, Baker & Co., Boston, has been for some weeks in [illegible] when a yard of handsome and substantial stitching can be run off in two minutes. And the burden of care and anxiety and labor [illegible] women, probably only those who have borne it can fully understand. That never-ending, still-[illegible] immortalized by Hood in his mournful "Song of the Shirt," need not much longer be counted among the grievances of humanity. For no woman of the least enterprise or spirit, will long submit to sit stitching from dawn till dark, at a garment which could be better done in forty minutes. As to the cost of the machine, where that is an objection, several families in a neighborhood may contribute to the purchase, and let this dumb but good-natured help pass [illegible] among them. A friend of ours from [illegible] county, lately visited Philadelphia for the purpose of securing a sewing machine which should do the work of their neighborhood. She herself calculated to do up her year's sewing in a week, and then have plenty of time for mental culture, for society, and general recreation, privileges from which women are often excluded solely by the never-ending labors of the needle. She is not one of the class of visionaries who build up extravagant hopes upon a plausible new idea, but an intelligent, well-informed, thoroughly sensible person, whose character alone is warrant enough for the practical utility of any thing she might patronize.

In large establishments where much sewing is done the machine would soon pay for itself—on Southern plantations for instance. We have been told of an estate in Cuba where the sewing for the laborers which formerly employed twenty women is now done by one, with the help of one of Grover, Baker & Co.'s machines. In California, where, as private letters tell us, a seamstress asks and obtains four dollars a day, the wisdom of such a purchase is obvious enough. When we think of the overtasked wives of pioneers in all newly settled portions of our country, we feel impatient that they should avail themselves of this, one of the most substantial blessings that the ingenuity of man has placed within their reach.

As to the supposed effect of these machines in driving seamstresses out of employment, we think it is entirely groundless. The only difference will be, that seamstresses will have to save or borrow sufficient to purchase machines, or else hire them of the proprietors by the week or month. Thus combining hand and machine labor—for the former will still be required to cut out the garments to be made, to work button-holes, &c.,—they will find a wider circle of employers open to them than ever before. For they will be able to accomplish so much more work—say from six to ten times as much in a day—that it will be the interest of a very large class to obtain their services, who now never dream of employing a seamstress. When the bulk of a season's sewing can be done in a week, at an expense of less than ten dollars, nearly every mechanic's and laborer's wife in the country will find it good policy and economy to call in the aid of a seamstress and her machine.

In truth it is in this view, that the benefits of this invention present themselves in the most important and pleasurable light. When we remember the hundreds of thousands, aye, the millions of wives, now weighed down to the earth with the heavy drudgery of continual sewing, and think of the hours for other employments and for relaxation that this will give them, we feel that the inventor of the sewing machine—little as has yet been said in his praise—will occupy a place in the minds of men, and especially of women, hereafter, not inferior to that of an Arkwright, a Watt, a Fitch, or a Fulton.

So far, we believe, the sewing machine has not produced much effect upon the prices of tailor work and ready-made clothing; but its influence in this respect ultimately must be very great. Its first result will be to enhance the profits of tailors, clothiers, &c.; but competition [illegible] their real level before many years. In this manner, also, the sewing machine promises to be a very great blessing to the masses.

The working of the sewing machine is a very pleasant and amusing occupation. We heard of a lady not long since, who complained that her daughter would give the preference to her sewing machine over her piano. There is considerable exercise about it, the foot giving the motion, by means of a treadle and wheel; and there is not that necessity of bending down over the work which sewing so often requires. Of course the learner must expect to be baffled occasionally by the machine's stopping, owing to some little derangement or other—but with about a month's practice, any one of moderate capacity will become sufficiently well acquainted with the machine, to keep it in operation without difficulty.

We have called attention to the machine we have in use, and which is advertised in our columns, because we know that it will do what the proprietors say. Others may be equally good, but we have not an experimental knowledge of them. [illegible]

[illegible]

KANSAS.

As to the character of the late violent proceedings in Kansas, we suppose that there cannot be, among intelligent men, of whatever politics, but one opinion. Missouri has a right [illegible] late election the Free State ticket had 782 votes, and the Slave State ticket 5,427—the [illegible] territory.

In view of this state of affairs, the people of Kansas have prepared a memorial, to be presented to the next Congress. We give the following extracts:—

"One of the States of our Union, strong in wealth, population and resources, relying upon her accumulated strength of [illegible], and taking advantage of our feeble infancy as a people, has invaded our soil, seized upon our rights, subjugated our territory, and selected for us our rulers; intending, also, to dictate our laws, and make us the slaves of their will.

"They came upon us, not in the guise of [illegible] They came directly from their own homes, and [illegible]

[illegible]

HOTEL LIFE.

[illegible]

New Publications.

[illegible]

BABY SHOWS.

[illegible]

Clippings.

[illegible]

General News.

NAPOLEON AND EUGENIE.

[illegible]

KANSAS.

[illegible]

TO THE PUBLIC.

[illegible]

NEWS ITEMS.

[illegible]

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1855.

General News.

ADDITIONAL DETAILS OF THE NEWS BY THE ASIA.

The London Times speaks of the policy of the new Czar as more audacious than his predecessor's, and it is so regarded throughout Europe.

Nothing definite is known relative to the condition of the siege.

The details of news from Sebastopol state that up to April 14th, (not so late as by the Atlantic,) the bombardment continued night and day from five hundred guns, each firing one hundred and twenty rounds every 24 hours. The Mamelon Tower had been silenced, and some of the Round Tower guns dismounted, but the Redan and Garden batteries still keep up a heavy fire. There was no immediate prospect of an assault. During the night of the 14th, a most sanguinary battle raged between the French and Russians, in which the former destroyed the Russian rifle ambuscade in front of the Malakoff Tower.

From the 12th to the 14th, the French loss was 800.

April 17th.—A despatch to the French Government says that the fire of the French batteries maintains its superiority. They have also sprung a mine before the Flagstaff Battery, at a distance of fifty metres, thereby opening a new parallel, which has been successfully joined to the others.

April 19th.—The French Minister of War learns that the Allies were still advancing and consolidating their position. On the night of the 17th, the Russians made a strong sortie, but were promptly repulsed.

Prince Gortschakoff's account, of the same date, says that the fire of the Allies was growing less violent, and that the Russian batteries replied successfully. On the night of the 17th, a successful sortie was made; the enemy's most advanced works were destroyed. The losses of the garrison during the past few days have been inconsiderable. The latest accounts from Gortschakoff are to the 22nd. They state that after twelve days' bombardment, the fire of the Allies became weak, and caused but little damage. The Russian Dukes Michael and Nicholas are again on their way to the Crimea. Menschikoff is not dead, as was reported.

The Magnetic Telegraph is now complete from London to the Crimea, except a few miles between Bucharest and Rustchuk, but the British Government retain the exclusive use of it.

It is still reported that Napoleon will proceed to the Crimea, to take the command of the Allied armies, but it is not generally credited. It is officially reported that the Emperor's departure to the Crimea is postponed for a short time.

Persia is openly in arms in adhesion to Russia.

Trade in India is dull, and money scarce.—The Chinese insurgents have evacuated Shanghai. A Russian frigate has been wrecked near Japan.

The ratification of the American Treaty with Japan, was completed at Simoda, February [illegible]

[illegible]

NEWS ITEMS.

In Liverpool and York, England, education has retrograded, and in Manchester there are 30,000 children neither in school or at work.

Father Secchi, of the Observatory of Rome, suggests calling in the aid of the electric telegraph in the observation of the shooting stars. For instance, a meteor being seen at one observatory, information of the fact is to be instantaneously flashed to the next beyond, and so on, and then, by subsequent comparison and calculation, to discover whether they all saw it at the same moment, in the same part of the sky. The [illegible] points being ascertained, [illegible] up certain doubts that [illegible] the question of shooting stars.

George Sand, (Mad. Dudevant,) is the great-grand-daughter of the celebrated Marshal Saxe, who was himself one of the three hundred and sixty-two natural children of Frederick August, King of Saxony and Poland.

Messrs. J. C. [illegible] & Co., in a communication to one of the San Francisco papers, state that five thousand gallons of distilled liquors have been consumed each day in California for the last four years, of which they at present furnish one thousand. The total amount of liquor consumed for four years past is, according to their calculation, about 122,000 hogsheads.

The increase in the consumption of paper is thus stated:—Forty years ago three men, by handiwork, could scarcely manufacture 4,000 small sheets of paper in a day, while now, by the use of machinery, they can produce 60,000 in the same time. It has been calculated that if the paper produced yearly by six machines could be put together, the sheet would encircle the world. In France only 70,000 tons are produced yearly, of which one-seventh is for exportation. In Britain 60,000 tons are produced, while the amount produced in the United States is nearly as great as in France and England together.

Foreigners in the U. S. Army.—The Boston (Mass.) Atlas learns from an official source, that since the last of October there have been inspected and embarked at Fort Columbus, to join their regiments in the West, *eighteen hundred and forty-seven* recruits, only *three hundred and twenty-four* of whom were born in the United States, or but a little more than *one sixth*. Of the whole number, 850 were Irish, and 395 German. These are about the proportions of natives to foreigners for some time past.

An Honest Action.—A few days ago, upon the arrival of the cars at Michigan City, Ind., a gentleman left a package of $4,000 on the seat he occupied. Soon after a brakeman, named Cyrus W. Warren, passing through the car, found the package, and sought out the owner. He was offered a compensation, but refused to accept any.

A Contrast.—There is a difference between the Philadelphia market prices at this time, and the following, which exist at Delaware, Ohio:—Beef—Fore quarter at 4 cts., hind quarter at 5 cts.; retail 4 to 8 cts. Poultry—Chickens 20 to 25 cts. per pair. Butter—18 cts. per pound. Eggs—8 cts. per dozen.

Sperm Oil Scarce.—The European markets seem to be totally bare of Sperm Oil, which has consequently advanced considerably in price. Present shipments for London, at New Bedford, Mass., are at $1 95 per gallon.

According to Massachusetts papers, the clerks of the Legislature read bills out of their order for the low price of five dollars.

The Maine Liquor Law went into effect in Delaware on the 3d instant. An increase in the price of boarding at the hotels went into operation at the same time. A general storing away of liquor was observable for several days previous.

A woman in South Braintree, Mass., having [illegible]

[illegible]

POLITICAL NEWS.

[illegible]

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

[illegible]

THE STOCK MARKET.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by A. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER.

[illegible]

CATTLE MARKETS.

[illegible]

NEW YORK MARKETS, MAY 15.

[illegible]

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
May be obtained weekly of the Periodical Dealers—
Of DEXTER & BROTHER, No. 14, and 16 Ann Street, New York.
Of FEDERHEN & Co., Boston, Mass.
Of MILTON BOULEMET, Mobile, Ala.
Of J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.
Of HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.
Of F. HAGAN & Co., Nashville, Tenn.
Of D. W. PEASE & Co., [illegible] Cincinnati.
Subscriptions will be received at either of the above mentioned Depots. But the proprietors of the Post hold themselves responsible only for money received directly by themselves, or through their authorized travelling agents.

ALMANAC.

May, 1855.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	High Water.	Moon's Phases.
19 Saturday,	4 50	7 10	4 40	
20 Sunday,	4 49	7 11	5 [illegible]	
21 Monday,	4 48	7 12	6 00	D. H. M.
22 Tuesday,	4 48	7 12	7 07	Full 1 11 4
23 Wednesday,	4 47	7 13	8 16	Last 8 [illegible]
24 Thursday,	4 46	7 14	9 23	New 15 9 15
25 Friday,	4 45	7 15	9 [illegible]	First 22 7 [illegible]
26 Saturday,	4 44	7 16	10 [illegible]	Full 31 [illegible]

Marriages.

Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Saturday, May 12, 1855, at Philadelphia, by the Rev. Albert Barnes, P. Brinke, of Lewisburg, Virginia, to Elizabeth, daughter of Richard F. Foulke, of the former place.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. Charles Holman, to Miss Sarah A. Crum, both of this city.

On the 8th inst. by the same, Mr. James Elkins, Jr. to Miss Elizabeth Snyder, both of this city.

On Thursday, March 29th, by the Rev. J. T. Ward, Mr. Samuel Sorrick, to Miss Amanda Sorrman, daughter of the late Jacob E. Sourman, all of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. Richard Dorphley, to Miss Fanny N. daughter of Mr. G. W. Paul, all of this city.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. W. F. Moore, Mr. Adolph H. Rau, to Miss Augusta Egner, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. J. L. Burrows, D. D. of Richmond, Va., Mr. W. A. Steel, of Whitpain Township, to Miss Elizabeth E. Frame, daughter of Joseph Frame, Esq., of Whitemarsh, Montgomery county, Pa.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. William Burns, Mr. William H. Whitcomb, to Miss Mary Moore, both of Philadelphia city.

On the 6th ultimo, by the Rev. H. Coleman, Mr. David C. Applegate, to Miss Elizabeth H. Rose, all of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. H. A. Boardman, D. D. Andrew Mason, of N. York, formerly of Philadelphia, to Miss Margaret Thomson, of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. Thomas G. Allen, Mr. Thomas Robinson, to Mrs. Ann Hawkins.

On the 7th instant, by the Right Rev. Bishop Potter, Mr. William Mccrystal, of Philadelphia, to Miss Margaret Knowles, daughter of John P. Crozer, Esq., of Upland, Del. county, Pa.

On the 3d inst. by the Rev. Chas Cox, Mr. J. L. Ebert, of Philadelphia, to Miss Mary Lewis, of Milltown, Berks county.

On the 19th ultimo, by the Rev. Samuel R. Clark, Mr. John Holmes, of Cape May, to Miss Jane H. Stevenson, of Philadelphia.

At Williamsburg, N. Y. on the 30th ult. by the Rev. J. S. Inskip, Mr. Alexander R. Lewis, of Cincinnati, Ohio, to Miss Anna M. Inskip, of the former place.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. William Urie, Mr. Joseph D. Magill, to Miss Clarissa D. Rudyman, both of Philadelphia.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev Joseph H Kennard, Mr. Joseph T. Lain, to Miss Jane V. Young, both of this city.

On the 29th ultimo, by John O' Wilson, V D M., Mr. Isaac Tucker, to Miss Christianna Hague, both of this city.

On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. J. G. Butler, Mr. Oliver Knightwood, to Miss Sarah Hall, all of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. J. McCorter, Mr. William Lutz, to Miss Rebecca Lanrange, both of this city.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. H. A. Hunter, Mr. Samuel Sercres, of Germantown, to Miss Sarah Dotts, of this city.

Deaths.

Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 9th inst. Margaret Thomson, aged 97 years.
On the 9th inst. Mrs. Margaret Craig, aged 58.
On the 9th inst. Robert Porter, son of Irwin and Mary Robinson, aged 22 months.
On the 9th inst. Mrs. Sarah Ashworth, aged 64.
On the 9th inst. James Taylor, aged 23 years.
On the 9th inst. Hugh McClane, aged 5 years.
On the 9th inst. Mary A. Stoner, aged 10 years.
On the 6th inst. Mrs. Jane, wife of Wm. Esher.
On the 9th inst. Elizabeth Scott, daughter of [illegible]

[illegible]

Bank Note List.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post by WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 41 and 43 S. Third St.

[illegible]

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Twenty-five cents a line for the first insertion.
Twenty cents a line for each subsequent insertion.
Double column Advertisements, a price and a half.

Payment is required in advance.

Circulation between Eighty and Ninety Thousand.

Persons purchasing articles advertised in our columns, will confer a favor by mentioning that they saw the advertisement in the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

A CHARMING VOLUME.
BELL SMITH ABROAD.
WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS, BY HEALY, WALCUTT AND OVERARCHE.
One Elegant 12mo. Price $1.25.

From the Cincinnati Commercial, May [illegible] J. C. Derby has now ready "Bell Smith Abroad," ([illegible] Piatt, of this city,) which is beautifully illustrated, and consists of anecdotes, sketches and [illegible] of society [illegible] in a charming book. [illegible]

J. C. DERBY, Publisher, 119 Nassau Street, New York.
And for sale by all Booksellers.
Single copies sent by mail on receipt of price.

THIS DAY PUBLISHED.—"Equal to the very best of Dickens' Efforts." "BOOTS;" OR, THE MISFORTUNES OF PETER FABER, and other Sketches, By the late Joseph C. Neal. Author of "Charcoal Sketches," "Peter Ploddy," &c. With Illustrations by Darley. Done up in an elegant illuminated cover. Price 50 cents.

CONTENTS:
"Boots;" or, The Misfortunes of Peter Faber.
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Perry Winkle; or, "Just What I Expected."
The Moral of Goslyne Greene, who was Born to a Fortune.
Johnny Jumpup, the Rising Son.
Mr. Kerr, Mudbury; or, "You Won't, Won't You?"
A Roar in Charcoal.
"Look at the Clock;" or, "A Pretty Time of Night."
Sheshie Kookle; or, A Search After Fun.
Singleton Snipps, who Married for a Living.
Quinces Quodlibet's Catastrophe—A Phrenological Illustration.
Dashing at Life; or, Splashes in Philadelphia.
The Trials of Timothy Tantrum.
The Lions of Society—Pitts, Peters, and Beene.
David Dumps, the Doleful One.
Flustry Hartz; or, The Hardening Process.
The Merry Christmas; or, The Happy New Year of Mr. Dunn Brown.
Peleg W. Ponder; or, The Politician without a Side.

Extract from the Preface—"There is a depth of Philosophy, and an earnestness of humanity covered by these bright and sparkling descriptions, [illegible]"

Published and for sale by HENRY S. GETZ, (Late Getz & Buck,) No. 140 Chestnut St., above 4th, S. Side.
Copies mailed, free of postage, on receipt of 50 cts., post-paid.

TOYS.—FANCY GOODS.—TOYS.
GEORGE FISCHER,
No. 204 CHESNUT Street, Philadelphia,
Opposite the Academy of Fine Arts,
HAS always on hand a splendid assortment of Toys and Fancy Goods, which he can sell at the lowest prices, being of his own importation. He invites the public to visit his store, whether purchasing or not.

THE FIVE PER CENT. SAVING FUND of the National Safety Company, Walnut St., S. W. corner of Third, Philadelphia, gives five per cent. interest, and the money is always paid back without notice. Open every day from 9 o'clock in the morning till 7 in the evening, and Monday and Thursday evenings till 9 o'clock.

WOOLMAN'S SELF-CLOSING HINGES for Large and small gates, doors, &c., at E. WOOLMAN & CO.

[illegible]

OIL CLOTHS!

[illegible]

FIRST PREMIUM SEWING MACHINES! GROVER, BAKER & CO.'S PATENT.

S. W. JACOBS' CARRIAGE WAREHOUSE, 225 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA. COACHES AND CARRIAGES.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

CONRAD BARD & SON.

S. M. HOPPER. GOLD LEVER WATCHES.

NEW VOLUME. VOL. 51. GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

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LET THIS BE YOUR GUIDE! LIST OF PRICES. $200,000 SPLENDID ENGLISH CARPETS. HIRAM ANDERSON'S.

CHARLES H. GALLAGHER.

PALMER'S PATENT LEG.

BLACK DIAMONDS; OR, HUMOR, SATIRE AND SENTIMENT.

A DISSERTATION, HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL.

YE SHAKERS READ!!!

DOCTOR HOOFLAND'S CELEBRATED German Bitters, PREPARED BY DR. C. M. JACKSON, Philada., Pa.

[illegible]

City Scenes.

Timmins, previous to a trip to Europe, habituates himself to the motion in a rocking-chair. Finds he is not the least susceptible to sea-sickness.

the settlement, were out in search; the report of fire-arms,—rifle and musket, carbine and pistol, rang in every direction; but all in vain; for, though some of the reports were heard by the lost ones, they were so scattered and changing, that instead of helping, it only served to bewilder them the more. Torches blazed, and hunters roamed with shot and shout through the dark forest all night;

fun in his eye. However, without expressing himself, he took up Tom's abandoned gun, whistled to Carlo, and made tracks for the cabin; thinking, very naturally, that Tom would condescend to "slide down when the wolf was gone."

So Tommy was whittling off the edge of his appetite on venison and "johnny-cakes," when the "hunting party" returned for their break-

...

"Thank God!" said Voisenon, "I have been misinformed, Sir—your Highness does not treat me as if I was an enemy." "How do you find, Mr. Abbe?" said his Highness coldly over his shoulder. "Because, Sir," answered the Abbe, "your Highness never turns your back upon an enemy." "My dear Abbe," exclaimed the Prince and Field Marshal, turning round and taking him by the hand, "it is quite impossible for any one to be angry with you;" and so ended his Highness' animosity.

Selected Articles.

THE BOOK.

BY FREDERICK S. COZZENS.

I lent my love a book one day,
She brought it back, I laid it by;
'Twas little either had to say—
She was so strange, and I so shy.

But yet we loved indifferent things—
The sprouting buds, the birds in tune;
And Time stood still, and wreathed his wings
With rosy links from June to June.

For her, what task to dare or do?
What peril tempt, what hardship bear?
But with her, ah! she never knew
My heart, and what was hidden there!

And she with me so cold and coy,
Seemed like a maid bereft of sense;
But in a crowd, all life and joy,
And full of blissful impudence.

She married; well, a woman needs
A mate, her life and love to share—
And little cares sprung up like weeds,
And played around her elbow chair.

And years rolled by, but I, content,
Trimmed my one lamp and kept it bright,
Till age's touch my hair besprent
With rays and gleams of silver light.

And then it chanced, I took the book
Which she had read in days gone by,
And as I read, such passion shook
My frame, I needs must frown or cry.

For here and there her love was writ
In old, half-faded pencil signs,
As if she yielded, bit by bit,
Her heart, in dots and underlines.

Ah! silvered fool! too late you look!
I know it; let me here record
This maxim: "*Lend no maid a book*
Unless you read it afterward."

EMPLOYING A COOK.

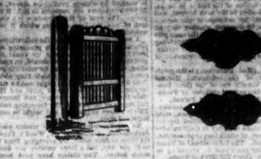
One of the great financiers of Paris, whose only relaxation is the sumptuous repasts with which he twice a day solaces himself, had within the last few months been obliged to have recourse to a physician. Gout, dyspepsia and headache had entirely deprived him of the power of enjoying his gastronomic passion.

At length, when he recovered and called for his physician's account, he was startled by the huge amount of daily visitations, and actually swore as he flung the druggist's account from him. There was, however, no help for it, so the druggist's bill was settled, and the physician dismissed, his pockets swollen by his big fee.

"Take care of what you eat," said he, as a gratuitous and parting piece of advice, "and you will not have to send for me again."

...

New Inventions.



WOOLMAN'S SELF-CLOSING HINGES.

The construction of the above hinges is such, that the gate or door to which they are attached closes gently, of its own accord, and that, without being thrown out of its perpendicular position. They are described, too, as admirably adapted to the purpose for which they are intended, serving as a most effectual bar against the intrusions of hogs, cattle, &c. See advertisement.

Agricultural.

GRAFTING COMPOSITION.—The following composition for grafting purposes, is from Cole's American Fruit Book:

One part of good beef tallow, 2 parts of beeswax, 4 parts of white transparent rosin; melt all together, turn into cold water, and work and pull it toughly, as shoemaker's wax. This composition is not so soft as to melt in warm weather, nor so hard as to crack in cold weather; but gives as the tree grows. It is of great importance to have it of a right temperature and well applied, else it will peel off in cold weather. While warm it should be pressed closely to all the wounded parts of stock and scion. When used in cold weather, it should be kept in warm water; when it is very warm keep the composition in cold water. In working and applying it, the hands should be slightly greased to prevent its sticking.

If you want a composition cloth for splice grafting, melt a portion of the composition in a dish; then dip therein strips of thin worn cloth, which press and draw between two sticks to remove superfluous matter. These strips may be cut or torn to suit the convenience of the

AN ANTIDOTE TO THE POTATO-ROT.—Professor Bollman, of the Russian Agricultural Institute, has published a pamphlet on the potato-rot, and he announces to the world that mere drying, if conducted at a sufficiently high temperature, and continued long enough, is a complete antidote to the disease. This result was ascertained by repeated experience conducted for a series of years. The temperature required to produce the desired result is not very clearly made out. Mr. Bollman's room, in which his first potatoes were dried, was heated to about 75 degrees, and much higher. By way of experiment he placed others in the chamber of the stove itself, where the thermometer stood at 126 degrees, and more. He also ascertained that the vitality of the potato is not affected even if the rind is charred.

WEIGHT PER BUSHEL.—Weights of sundry Agricultural products, and other articles of use to the farmer:

Wheat,	60	pounds per bushel.	
Shelled corn,	56	do.	do.
Rye,	56	do.	do.
Oats,	32	do.	do.
Barley,	47	do.	do.
Clover,	60	do.	do.
Timothy,	45	do.	do.
Flax Seed,	56	do.	do.

...

Wit and Humor.

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For Housekeepers.

...

The Riddler.

...

Original Sketch.

LOST IN THE WOODS.

BY RALPH RURAL.

...